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—SOPHOCLES.

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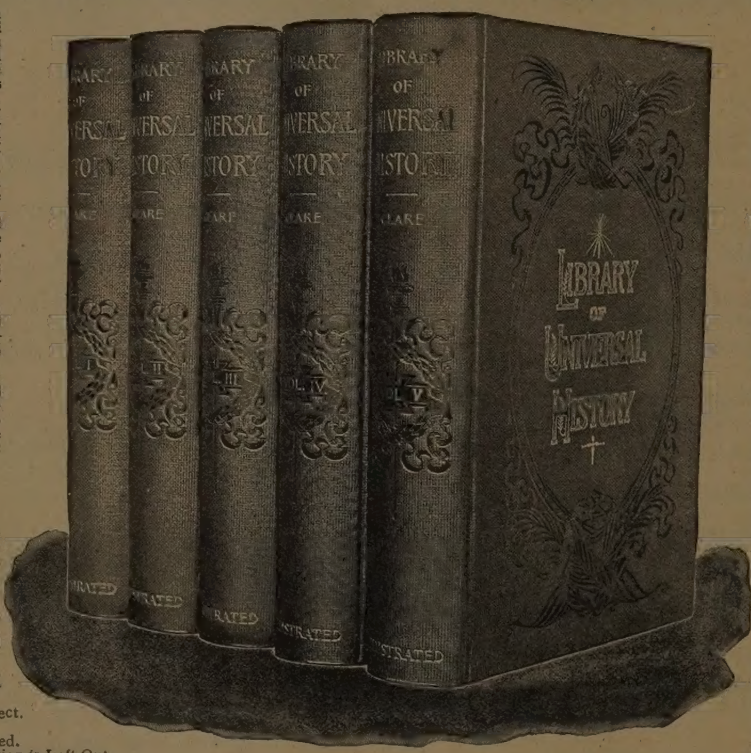

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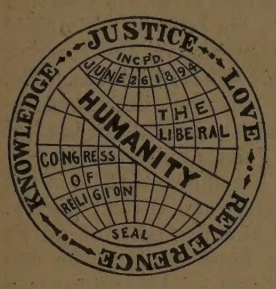
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1897. NUMBER 25



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.

Editorial.

Wherefore do you ye spend money for that which is not bread?
And your labor for that which satisfieth not?

ISAIAH.

Rev. B. Fay Mills, whose theological position seems now to be an object of anxious concern in some quarters, is to be one of the speakers at the approaching Liberal Congress of Religion to be held at Nashville, October 19–24.

A correspondent thinks we ought to have printed the full name of "C. J. B. C." who signed the recent review published in THE NEW UNITY of Mr. Moore's article on "The Sociological Value of the Saloon" that appears in the American Journal of Sociology for July. We simply followed the uniform custom of permitting all our associate editors to appear over their initials, thinking that of course all our readers would recognize them as the initials of Mrs. Caroline J. Bartlett Crane. Both the writer and the senior editor are glad to have this personality understood and have any statement in the article challenged on its own merits. The use of the Yale Laboratory report is particularly a matter of verification, and our columns are as open to the defence as they were to the accuser.

Can it be true what the papers say of Harriet Beecher Stowe's children in need? Twin sisters, and three-score years of age soon to lose the homestead which the mother left them for their old age. The suggestion is a disagreeable one even though it were not true. The work of Harriet Beecher Stowe is of such a kind as commands the unmeasured gratitude of the friends of liberty throughout the world, and none that bear her name should have cause to suffer for want of the reasonable comforts which are the rewards of a life worthily spent, such as was that of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The American Association for the Advancement of Science is in session in Detroit, Mich., as we write. A tinge of sadness will prevail the deliberation as they miss their president, Professor Cope, who died during the year. Prof. F. W. Putnam, of Cambridge, Mass., is the secretary. The work of this Association is not of a kind that will draw crowds, but in the long run it is a work that will affect profoundly the life and thought of coming generations, for science spells out the words and slowly construes the phrases in the great bible book of nature.

The Unitarians have recently lost two beloved, trusted and devoted workers and leaders. Rev. Steven H. Camp, who for over a quarter of a century was pastor of the same church in Brooklyn, N. Y., and after a brief illness passed beyond on July 30th. Mr. Camp was one of the earlier graduates of Meadville, a faithful, diligent and persistent worker for men. These qualities made effective talents that were not brilliant, and made potent a modest and undemonstrative life. Those who knew Mr. Camp best loved him most, and those who have grown up under his ministry will long bless his name. A few days before the death of Mr. Camp, George S. Hale, the trusted lawyer of Boston, for many years the honored president of the American Unitarian Association, in the seventy-third year of his age, died at Bar Harbor, Me. Mr. Hale was a typical product of New England, a Harvard graduate, who, in the profession of the law, won position, influence, money, but never forgot that all these were trusts which he must administer, and so in politics, religion, and educational matters he gave himself in generous measure. May the day never come when New England will fail to raise worthy successors to such men as George S. Hale.

In our editorial note on John Muir's article on forestry in our last issue, allusion was made to the report of the committee appointed by the National Academy of Science in the interest of a forest policy

for the forested lands of the United States. That report is now before us. It is interesting to note there recommendation for two additional national parks, one to include the upper slopes of Mt. Ranier, "with its glaciers, its Alpine meadows clothed with flowers and the fringe of forest which maintains a precarious foothold beneath the ridges below the line of its perpetual snows. This mountain is one of the highest and most beautiful in North America, and, outside of Alaska, its glaciers are unrivaled in magnitude and interest in the United States." The second spot recommended for a national park is that portion of the Grand Cañon in Arizona which is immediately adjoining and includes the wall of the cañon itself. But these recommendations are incidental to a sad exhibit of facts which show how "the largest and wealthiest mining corporation in Montana is supplied with timber cut from government domain. The act and its working has favored wealthy corporations able to pay the government for all the timber they require." Nomadic sheep-husbandry is also mentioned as a "serious menace to the forest interests in California and western Oregon. The feet of these 'hoofed-locusts,' crossing and recrossing the faces of steep slopes, produce conditions favorable to floods, while their destruction of the undergrowth of the forest and of the sod of Alpine meadows hastens the melting of snow in spring, and quickens evaporation." The depredations of forest fires are also noticed, and hundreds of square miles are annually devastated by such. Let our trees be taken care of.

Hoyt King, a young lawyer, and a member of All Soul's parish, Chicago, in a vacation sermon in that pulpit, spoke of James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet. The Chicago *Tribune* publishes the following extract from the discourse. Mr. King is a fellow-townsman of Mr. Riley, and the poet has been a frequent visitor at his home. We hope that the whole address may be heard again, and by others:

A great deal of nonsense has been written about the early life of Mr. Riley. Some of it is distorted for the purpose of indicating an eccentricity, which is more imaginary than real. The manner of its telling does him an injustice, in that it is derogatory to the respect which should belong to his genius, even in its earlier stages. Many of these stories are either pure unadulterated fiction, worked up by some biography monger, or from a very small amount of raw material in the way of truth, certain things have been taken and exaggerated until they have been made the leading events, and not the mere incidents of his life.

Riley's characters are all drawn from life. He says he does not have to travel abroad to find his subjects. Give him an old farmer in clay-soiled jeans and gingham shirt, trudging along the furrows of the field, and he has his inspiration. His poetic imagination is given wings by the "homely things of homely life." His genius lies in his selections, in his appreciation of the homely.

The field of Riley's genius is not confined to the expression of the humorous and pathetic in the lives of his old men and women characters. His love for children, his observation and appreciation of their little doings and sayings furnishes a further fund from which to draw. He tells in their child language, full of unconscious humor, the story of Jack the Giant Killer and his wonderful deeds. The child nature of the little narrator, impressed by these mighty deeds, is tersely expressed in his last words, "Wish't I 'd a been Jack, don't you?"

In his later poems Riley has shown that he is not confined to character sketches and dialect poetry. His inspiration has carried him to flights of poetic expression of which some have doubted he was master. "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" takes a prominent place among his later poems. "A Southern Singer," "A Dream of Autumn," "North and South," "August," are sprinkled in among his dialect poems. But in his poetry of the commonplace we have a keener appreciation of his true genius. No American poet, in rough language, so delicately expresses the sentiment of the child of nature, the farmer. No poet stands so close to nature that he can tell us nature's thoughts in nature's language.

The Water of Life.

Religious truth is often symbolized as the "Water of Life,"—and the thirsty days of mid-summer are a good time to follow the figure out. Generally this water has been obtained sufficiently from local wells of inherited teaching and traditions. But in the lapse of centuries and growth of cities, such wells often give out or become too small or corrupt;—and even great streams become unfit for drinking. Christianity, as we see it in the beatitudes and sermon on the mount, so fresh and free, seems like the purest water of life from a mountain spring;—and its course through history has been like that of a river bearing blessings to a continent. Still it has here and there spread and stagnated through marshes of superstition;—has now and then been stopped by some theological dam made to frighten and force men and to turn the water of life into a water-power to run the machinery of the church or the mills of private ambition;—and has sometimes received a good deal of questionable sewerage from both Catholic and Protestant lands. Hence many people dislike to drink from the Christian stream to-day;—just as they do from the Mississippi. They say why must we be confined to this,—when fresh supplies of the water of life are distilled for us in dews and rains, and deposited for us in clearer lakes? For the preacher to insist that divine revelation is found in no modern books or thought, but only in the bible;—is much as if he should insist that none of the water in the five thousand lakes of Minnesota came from heaven or can help human thirst, but

only that which gathered centuries ago in Lake Itasca. And for him to teach that we must take the water of life only through the creeds and customs of the church, and without filtering, is much as if he should forbid us to drink from our clear springs, and should teach that the summer showers are polluted, and the morning dews profane, and that true health and salvation are only to be found by taking copious draughts from our river hydrants, bacteria and all.

The better doctrine is that the water of life and revelation of God has come in every word of truth and every work of justice and every wish of love,—among Jews or Christians or heretics or heathen,—that it came indeed in the venerable Bible, but has been coming ever since,—comes quite as copiously to-day as in apostles' times, and quite as purely in America as ever in Palestine. And that seems to be what Jesus taught, too, when he told that woman at Jacob's well that God was served not only on Mt. Ephraim and in Jerusalem, but everywhere "in spirit and in truth,"—or as the oldest manuscript reads, "in the spirit of truth,"—and that the true religion came not from any teachings without, but was for every man, "*in* him, a well of water, springing up to everlasting life."

"Springing up,"—for the water of life does not have to be pumped. After all the weary work of ages in raising water,—with treadmill, well-sweep, windlass, pump, and hydraulic machines of many kinds,—we are learning that nature stands ready to raise it for us if we will but let her. Over a large part of the earth's surface we have but to open an artesian well to see the water flow forth from many hundred feet below, and with inexhaustible supply. What more unpromising places for such flowing wells than flat and dry Dakota! Yet the Encyclopædia tells of a well there sending water "pure and clear as crystal" a hundred feet above the ground and at the rate of five hundred gallons a minute. Many towns are thus supplied. The *Scientific American* has recently had a paper on the marvelous amount thus to be obtained, and the dailies have just told of the preparations at Oakes for a well which should water the town, light it with electricity, run the roller mill and other factories. And the water of life is as ready to rise in human souls and society if we will but dig deep enough. The church has been wont to discourage such search and to bid men beware of deep drilling in religion,—lest they not only waste their labor, but even dry up the old and sacred wells, and find nothing but the dreadful fires below. But the drills of deeper research, though often for a long time finding nothing but dry rock, at length strike some divine spring, and find not fire but a new fountain of religious truth that floods the old wells out of sight. A little thought tends to atheism, as Bacon said, but deeper thought abolishes it and finds God everywhere. The widening knowledge and deepening intellectual work to-day are not drying up the religion of our fathers, but showing it not confined to Christendom or dependent on miracles,—but filling God's world and founded in nature. Like Jesus in the story, it only points away from Jacob's well to the water of life "springing up" everywhere in the human reason, conscience, and love.

H. M. S.

Making the Most of People.

The key of right living is to make the most of those about us. This is a knack that to the utmost is possessed by few. A careful analysis of Jesus will give us this final conception: he could put to the best use the most diverse and even antagonistic elements. Peter was made corner-stone out of headstrong turbulence; Judas a valuable disciple until the betrayal; while John's love, if it had found no sweet satisfaction, would have left him an enfeebled parasite. The disciple band was naturally inharmonious—it found its harmony in Jesus. This has been illustrated in American history. Washington and Adams had the same Cabinet; but Washington used Mr. Pickering, Mr. McHenry and Wolcott to very good purpose. They were not just the men that he preferred; but he brought a deal of good out of them. Adams' straightforward bluntness worked by no means as well for the second-class men, elevated to first-class rank. As a consequence Pickering became ringleader in the disgraceful effort to break New England out of the Union, and create a Northern Confederacy in 1804, and again he bobbed up in 1814 as a promoter of the Hartford Convention. Adams ended up his experiment with them by bundling them out of his Cabinet, after they had played traitor to him, and divulged Cabinet secrets. History is full of this sort of illustration, both in political and in social lines. Is the experience of the church any different? One of our leading educators said the other day that "The secret of good management is not merely to know children, but to know how to get them to do their best." Do we not all look back to some one person, or possibly more than one, whom we have met in life, who had the wondrous faculty of doing grand things by us? He developed the heroic, the generous, the beautiful; while again we think of others who brought out our worst. Not seldom does one parent have the first faculty and the other the second. There is then this ideal to be aimed after, to so live, to so manage, and so think, that those who touch us socially will be not merely unharmed, but brought to their best. Not a little church work is comparatively bad, or we may say only comparatively good; this is, it creates a social and spiritual life of an average or medium sort—not of a highest key.

Personally the lesson is a great one—the greatest one we can con over. Are we so living as to bring out the strongest, truest, manliest possibilities of our friends, our neighbors, our children? Many the neighbor that is under the ban of criticism and condemnation who lacks only a hearty, Jesus-like neighborliness to lift him into a new being. A pastor said recently: "I worked for years to keep my flock within bounds, and call them to judgment if they trespassed. But they kept me on the rack till I learned that the real end of church pastor work was to get the best out of each one. I stopped seeing faults, and hunted for virtues. This plan opened my eyes to see good things. I also saw God more freely, and I preached not as a warden, but as a father." But we fear that many fathers and many mothers fail in this way, as well as many pastors. Perhaps you have not yet counted up the noble possibilities in your family. A young man in a Western parish said in a religious meeting: "Your pastor called me to my senses the other day by saying to me that I had thrown away at least one-half of myself, and that the idea of Jesus was to save persons altogether, and not in scraps and fragments. He told me if I would save the other half I must promptly wake up to a new sort of life." There are people one-quarter lost, one-half lost, three-quarters lost. But you will more likely find, by filling your soul by Christliness, that there are people in your flock only half saved, or quarter saved, or possibly three-quarters saved. All their powers are not called out to truth, righteousness and love. How shall we develop more of the folk who, by a rare richness of character, bring out the best of everybody?

E. P. P.

Courage.

Be brave to live and act for right
In face of cruel wrong;
Alone to stand, 'gainst odds to fight,
Though thick the evils throng.

Be brave to live and speak for truth,
When unloved truth men spurn;
Keep bravely on, though, void of ruth,
Their hearts with hatred burn.

Be brave to fail; to meet defeat;
To fall before the foe;
No loud applause thy ear to greet,
And only loss to know.

No true words die; no right deeds fail;
Such words and deeds live on;
In time the truth and right prevail;
We have the task begun.

To nobly fail is triumph sure.
Be manful in the strife,
And bravely then thy cross endure.
To die for truth is life!

OTIS ORMSBY.

Organic evolution is *pushed* onward and upward from behind and below; human evolution is *drawn* upward and forward from above and in front by the attractive force of ideals.—*Henry Wood.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

"CLOSER IS HE THAN BREATHING, AND NEARER THAN HANDS AND FEET." TENNYSON.

God in this life of whirl and restlessness?
Where else the Source and Sun of all but here?
God in the clamour of the frantic street?
Who else but He moves ceaseless hands and feet?
God in our marts, our cheating and our lies;
Looking and listening through our eye, our ear?—
God making part of "modern enterprise;"
Dragged through this sordid struggle to possess!

HANNAH PARKER KIMBALL.

The Church That Shall Endure.

The attempt to make religion permanent by the establishment of fixed, unchangeable institutions, is an old one. In the Jewish Church this process was carried on increasingly until it culminated in Pharisaism, in which religion was imprisoned in a prescribed system of minutest observances. No sooner had the Christian church been established than the same tendency was again manifested. The church was to be made unchangeable by preserving it from innovations. All variations of thought were lopped off as heresies in the effort to secure uniformity of belief and worship, and thus to establish religion on an unchanging and therefore permanent foundation.

But all attempts to ensure permanence of religion through uniformity are foredoomed to failure. Ecclesiasticism is passing. Even into those branches of the Christian church, which imagine that they keep most closely the primitive faith, modifications have come such as few realize. Modern Christians, even of the strictest type, would hardly be recognized by Christians of the first century.

The development of languages and civilization, the differences of race and temperament, have produced inevitable changes in the institutions of Christianity. The very name of its founder has been converted from "Yeshooach" to the English "Jesus," —a change in pronunciation so great that if the name were uttered as it fell from the lips of the first disciples it would not be recognized by Christians of to-day. And if even the name of Jesus has been so transformed, far more have the ideas about him suffered change in the progress of the centuries. It has been a long road from the Jesus of history to the Christ of the creeds.

In all this, history has been teaching us that it is impossible to secure a permanent basis for religion in fixed institutions of worship or confessions of faith. Change is the law of every form, Nature refuses to allow us to preserve identity. Our own bodies, which we think of as our inseparable companions from the cradle to the grave, change in every bone and tissue every seven years. The majestic mountain peak which seems to look down as the silent witness of the ages upon man's fitful turmoil is each day being modified by the influences of erosion and oxidation. The very rock, chosen as our symbol of firmness, is declared by the scientist to be a rhythmic dance of atoms. Types of vegetable and animal life are constantly undergoing variation. From mountain torrent and glacier to breeze and ocean tide and planetary orbit, Nature knows no

such thing as rest or fixity, but is everywhere at work readjusting, developing the universe.

When we remember that this law of constant variation runs through all the operations of Nature, why should we be so sadly disturbed on finding modifications in religious institutions and beliefs? A stationary religion would be out of place in a world of evolution. The modern Galileo who testifies that the world of religion does not stand still, but moves, by showing that it sweeps grandly on its orbit through the infinite fields of truth, increases rather than diminishes our confidence in its stability. The attempt to make religion rest upon any fixed standard or institution is like that of ancient philosophies, which taught that the earth was supported upon the shoulders of Atlas, or, as others said, upon the back of an elephant, the elephant in turn standing upon a tortoise. According to such philosophy, everything depended upon the firm footing of those fabled animals. Let anything happen to them, and the earth must plunge into the abysm of space. But in reality religion does not rest upon any Atlas of creed or church. It depends, like gravitation, upon the very constitution of the world; it is a force present in each atom of the universe. Atoms ebb and flow in the ceaseless change of form and type, but in their elemental power they are imperishable.

So, though religious forms are constantly arising and disappearing, the elemental truth and power of religion survives all changes. When once we have learned this, we will no longer be troubled to preserve ancient forms and institutions. Those who lament the dissolving of old traditions do not understand this; they go about as if they were bewailing the death of God. In the days of the old French monarchy, upon the death of the king the herald appeared on the balcony of the palace and announced sadly to the expectant crowd, "Le roi est mort!" Then, lifting up his voice, he shouted in the same breath, "Vive le roi!" The death of the old king marked the beginning of the reign of the royal heir. And the people of to-day who are saying sadly "Faith is dead," "Religion is dead," will yet find that this very hour marks the coming of a new faith in the fresh strength of sinewy youth.

We have been accustomed to think of the age of the creed-maker or the propagandist, as an age of religion, but of the age which discards the creed as irreligious. Yet the outgrowth of a creed is itself a necessary phase of religious development. In religion as in nature dissolution is the necessary accomplishment of evolution. The destruction of outworn institutions and creeds is an exhibition of positive religious energy.

We have watched the workmen throwing into the furnace the cracked metal, the useless, rust-covered pieces of iron, and old junk, and at length have seen it leap forth from the furnace mouth a dazzling, glowing stream of molten metal. It is the same process of transformation which is taking place in the creeds of religion. The cracked and useless pieces of dogma are melted up again in the fierce heat of this generation's experience. But the elemental truth which was in them does not perish, but leaps forth again in glowing heat from the mind of the scientist and the prophet of the day.

Why are we so afraid that religion will get the worst of it in the conflict with new ideas and institutions? We do not fear for the multiplication table. We do not tremble lest geology or astronomy should suffer through political or social changes which impend. We know that if every text-book of science were committed to the flames, the brain of man would begin again to construct them from his experience and observation. Religion is none the less necessary to the very constitution of things. Whitman is right when he cries:

"I say the whole earth and all the stars in the sky are for religion's sake."

It lives, not through the preservation of ancient legend, or priestly sacrament, but because it has its seat in the soul of man. It is from the mystery of man's own self-consciousness that religion comes forth. Destroy every form of religion, level the churches, burn the bibles, cause the nations to forget their traditions and men would again be drawn together to ask each other of the meaning of life, to co-operate with each other in the pursuit of their ideals—and thus religion would again spring up.

There are spiritual forces that work in humanity by a law as unceasing and as universal as gravitation, drawing men together into associations essentially religious, whether confessedly so or not.

First of all there is the ceaseless pressure upon man of the great encompassing mystery of life. Whenever men, bravely facing this supreme reality, are drawn together by a sense of their common destiny, and seek through a sublime inspiration to interpret this encompassing "Life" in terms of power, beauty, righteousness, then, whether it be called a church or not, there is in fact religious association. Such a union is necessarily fundamental, because it goes deeper than caste or clan, and establishes a brotherhood of souls. And no matter what may happen to the creeds of the day, this spiritual force must continue to draw men's souls into closer unity. The growing perception of the sublimity of life makes ever more sacred and permanent the bonds which bind human souls together.

Again, in taking account of the forces which assure the permanence of religion, we can hardly overestimate the power of the moral Ideal. Selfishness and sensuality have, at times, darkened and debased human life, but they have been unable long to persuade men to abandon their ideals. Ever and again men have lifted up their eyes from the passion and cruelty and injustice of the present to dream of the "ought-to-be." Repressed and subdued, these ideals have only gathered strength and definiteness. We are, at last, beginning to see that there is nothing so resistless as moral force. And in the irrepressible aspiration of humanity toward higher ideals of life, religion finds the strongest guarantee of its permanence.

We will often find, in the moral power which draws men together into associations not professedly religious, a deeply religious element. Such organizations, for example, as the "Ethical Culture Societies," although they disclaim any religious object, yet by their glowing fervor for righteousness, as well as by their impatience with priestly traditions and ceremonies, they unconsciously prove themselves worthy successors in the prophetic line which dates back to Amos, the sturdy prophet of Tekoa, who demanded of the people of his day more righteousness and less piety.

Those also who labor for an improvement of social conditions must be recognized as establishing another phase of religious energy. At some Socialist assemblage, held, perhaps, in a beer hall, amid surroundings which impress us at first as the opposite of religious, there is preached the gospel of human brotherhood. And wherever sincerely preached it thrills with the spirit of religion. And all those who have caught its inspiration and have pledged their lives to the betterment of the world and the establishment of the brotherhood of man—whether in the church or outside of it—are building the walls of the Kingdom of God.

We have taken too narrow a view of the forces which operate for the establishment of religion. Out of the very ruin of decaying ecclesiasticism these moral and spiritual forces which underlie society are building new temples for human worship and service.

In speaking of the "Church that shall endure," I do not mean that the church of the future is already discernible, so that we can put our finger on it and call it by name,—"Methodist," "Presbyterian," or "Unitarian." No existing church represents the final type in religious progress. I would not claim this even for my own church. It is enough for me if the church in which I stand allows room for the truest, highest religious purpose and aspiration of the present.

Doubtless changes are still to come—and ought to come—to correspond with the broader thought and higher ideals of the future.

The old church placed the narrow wicket gate of the creed at the entrance. It passed. Then came a time when the church juggled with words and phrases, and played with ancient sacraments. And men are passing from these churches to-day, for they feel that they are not sincere; they refuse to be satisfied with phrases, but demand a living faith, The newer churches, which call themselves "liberal," give more honesty and freedom, but too often forget the glowing warmth of brotherhood, and enthusiasm of the spiritual vision. We must have a church that is big enough for men's minds, and warm enough for their souls.

> Say ye, 'The spirit of man has found new roads,
> And we must leave the old faiths and walk therein?'
> Leave the cross as ye have left carved gods?
> But guard the fire within!
> Bright else and fast the stream of life may roll,
> And no man may the others hurt behold;
> Yet each will have one anguish—his own soul,
> Which perishes of cold.

The church must be an association of men and women based upon reality. Social conventions and class distinctions, have no place in it.

In its conception the church is the most tremendous thing in this world.

It takes men out of the little gas-lighted tenements of their daily routine and shows them the stars.

It lifts men up from the discords of life to the mountain peak, where we can hear the great strains of the eternal chorus of creation. It lets the tumults of life die in the peace of eternity.

This is what the church should do, must do and some day will do; this is what a brotherhood of human souls means. Until this comes, petty systems of ecclesiasticisms will rise and pass away. Born in strife, supported by jealousy, they die because they fail to satisfy the hunger of the human soul. But as fast as they are rubbed out new forms appear. Humanity never gives up its Ideal.

And as the outlook is being broadened in the closing years of the century by the passing of ancient ecclesiasticism, religious inspiration and hope is gaining a clearer glimpse of its ideal than at any previous time. The very fact that men's minds and hearts can no longer be confined within the old limits is proof of the coming of a freer church and a more earnest faith than the world has seen. The old prejudices are fading, and mankind is reaching out to-day for a universal religion that shall realize his dream of human brotherhood.

God speed the church of the future that shall be honest and brave and free in its attitude toward truth, and sympathetic and earnest in love of all mankind.

> Oh, living church, thine errand speed,
> Fulfill thy task sublime!
> With bread of life, earth's hunger feed,
> Redeem the evil time.

CARLETON E. BROWN.

Helena, June 27, 1897.

Our Lost.

> Far from our sight in death and night
> Our loved ones seem to stay,
> The soulless ground its arms around
> Doth win them to its way.
>
> Sweet beauty blooms above their tombs,
> And summer's petals fall
> Upon the grave of true and brave,
> And winter shroudeth all.
>
> As autumn sighs when summer dies.
> And from its misted eye,
> It drops a tear beause the year
> So quickly passeth by;
>
> As falls the leaf in silent grief
> When winds weep in the west,
> So weep my eyes, and heaves with sighs
> My heavy burdened breast.
>
> But when the spring its love shall sing,
> And soft the southern air
> Shall fan the face, the hills embrace,
> And brood the wolds with care;
>
> When buds shall breathe and garlands wreathe,
> And brooks be glad and sing,
> The snow away, the fields are gay
> And joy is on the wing;
>
> When happy throngs and happy songs
> Make glad the gloomy air,
> The world is rife with love and life
> Which wooeth everywhere;
>
> Then hope shall rest upon the breast,
> And peace repose the mind,
> The heart of fear shall change to cheer
> And feel the world is kind.

PERRY MARSHALL.

New Salem, Mass.

Solitude, though silent as light, is, like light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world alone; all leave it alone. Even a little child has a dread of whispering consciousness that if he should be summoned to travel into God's presence, no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry him in her arms, nor little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child all must walk those mighty galleries alone.—*DeQuincey.*

Notes From Tower Hill.

A chiel's amang you takin' notes
An' faith he'll prent them.

Yesterday, August 8th, was the opening day of the Tower Hill Summer School. The weather was ideal. The country folks were here in large numbers—between six and seven hundred. After a cordial greeting by Jenkin Lloyd Jones and joyful singing by the people, the first speaker of the day, Mr. Simmons, of Minneapolis, delivered an interesting discourse on "The Waters of Life," and was followed by Mr. Simonds, of Madison, Wis., who spoke on the "Success and Failure of Jesus." Both were excellent sermons—thought provokers—mental and moral tonics. The sermon on "The Waters of Life" was plain, simple and to the point. Best of all, it came from a heart full of warm, devotional love to man and a head full of serene, strong, steady wisdom. We all love Brother Simmons. It is to be hoped his sermon will reach far. An abundance of water, rightly used, will help bring in the millennium. Perhaps when we know more about water in the physical sense its spiritual significance will be easier understood. But water is so cheap and easily obtained and the multitude heed it not. "Man is a long-sighted animal," says some one. "He can descry problematical jewels in the far distance, but he is blind to the gems lying at his feet. He is constantly stumbling over molehills while he gazes at the stars." Barnum said the people liked to be humbugged. Was he right? He was not altogether wrong. Give a man's disease a long Latin name and charge him five dollars for a dose of medicine, good and well, but if you tell him to go home and wash himself—perhaps the thing he needs most—he feels insulted. Truth is invaluable to man, but how it does hurt the feelings.

. . . . . .

In the afternoon the rustic pulpit—home made—was occupied by Chicago's Dr. Thomas, the people's preacher. He delivered an able address on "Literature and Religion." It was a strong mental diet he gave us country folks—too strong for many of us—but to look at the man and hear him speak was in itself a sermon. A noble human life! what work of art, poem, drama, sermon, can equal that?

Dr. Thomas was followed by everybody's favorite—Mr. Jones. His is the voice of the prophet, forever calling us to "come up higher." "Go tell your friends," said he, "that we have met here today, not as Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, or Unitarians, but as brothers and sisters, reverently and earnestly seeking after those things that are good and useful to man. Tell them each speaker spoke his honest convictions, with love for all and malice toward none." "Go tell them," he continued, "that we believe in a God that lives and breathes in nature; that we believe in the people, in the divineness of human nature, and that in the heart of every man the sacred fire of heaven is ever burning. Go tell them this, will you?" etc., etc.

This is the great humanitarian age. The people's cause is every true man's cause. This century is speaking for human nature as Jesus spake for it. The gospel of the Nazarene is finding a response. Across the valley of near two thousand years the Sermon on the Mount wakes an echo. To hear that echo on Tower Hill was the privilege of many last Sunday noon. 'T will be heard again.

Go speed the stars of thought
On to their shining goals.

. . . . . .

"Every cause must have its effect," says Olive Schreiner. "Drop a pebble in a mill-pond and it will disturb every atom in the water; throw a rubber ball against a wall and it will rebound. Thought acts in the same way. It is a force in nature as well as is electricity." The thoughts expressed and the songs sung on Tower Hill—who can tell their far-reaching effects? "The world," says Arnold, "is forwarded by having its attention fixed on the best things." If this be true, then is Tower Hill playing its part in the drama of the world, shirk their part who may.

I have often heard it said by orthodox and liberal that the "Liberal Faith" is a cold, lifeless, negative gospel. Cold! lifeless! negative! The people who speak thus know not what they say. They should have heard the folks sing Gannett's "The Crowning Day," last Sunday. Next Sunday they will again lift up their voice and sing:

Above the generations
The lonely prophets rise,—
The truth flings dawn and day-star
Within their glowing eyes;
From heart to heart it brightens,
It draweth ever nigh,
Till it crowneth all men thinking, by and by!

And in the sunrise standing,
Our kindling hearts confess,
That no good thing is failure,
No evil thing success!
From age to age it groweth,
That radiant Faith so high,
And its crowning day is coming, by and by!

Oh, the crowning day is coming,
Is coming, by and by!
We can see the rose of morning,
A glory in the sky.
And that splendor on the hill-tops,
O'er all the land shall lie,
In the crowning day that's coming,
By and by!

GEO. M. FALCONER.

Faith.

They met in a secret solitude,
A bird of the air and a fish of the sea,—
The fish to spawn ond the bird to brood;
"What ho!" cried both, "'t is a foe to me!"

But spawned and bred they side by side,
One in the pool, and the other the reeds,
With nature for help and God for guide,
For both their right, and for each its needs.

"I go," cried the fish, "to yon blue sea,
If I 'scape the rod and the fisher's mesh."
"Ha! ha!" laughed the bird, "that cannot be;
He dies in the salt that thrives in fresh."

Said the fish to the bird, "Where goest now?"
"I'll spread my wings in the air and fly."
"Ha!" laughed the fish, "a liar art thou,
Who leaps in the air must drop and die."

Alas! for the science of unknown things;
There 's one that none to the others teach:
Life of the sea and the life of wings,
And God for all and a faith for each.

WILLIAM J. ROE.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

Present Salvation.

DISCOURSE TO THE FIRST UNITARIAN SOCIETY, OF AUSTIN, TEXAS.

BY E. M. WHEELOCK.

"On earth as in heaven." Luke 11: 2.

Christ is the Divine Secularist. He stands at the opposite pole from the Ecclesiastic. He aimed at harmonic civilization. He held that religion had no permanent foothold in social mankind until it is embodied in industry, till each worker is found as a distinct leaflet in the corolla of one flower, or as a separate note in one Divine Symphony. The priest, the ecclesiastic were his aversion, because they lived not for the race, but upon the race. He was secular to the bone. He had no more formal piety than the wild roses in a hedge-row, or the larks who sing as sweetly on Sunday as if it were a week day. He came eating and drinking. He took his place with the toilers, making himself one with them by a common burden and a common skill. He redeemed men by adopting them, calling upon industry to lay off its vile raiment, its sordors and filth, to come out of its huts and kennels, and put on beautiful garments and enter with singing and rejoicings into the industrial palaces of God. He uttered those oracles of mercy which the priest refuses to hear, but with which the heart of heaven overflows.

Such was the religion of Christ. He toiled and suffered to bring all possible goodness and glory, strength, sweetness and happiness to the life and the world in which man finds himself to-day, — rather than to some life to come in some other world. If He had been content to postpone salvation to the life hereafter, as churchianity does, wealth would have given him a golden welcome, the Pharisee would have bowed at his feet, and the Jewish priesthood would have proffered a crown instead of the cross. The "Son of man" is a practicalist. He knew that almsgiving breeds and perpetuates poverty; that society cannot be saved till the means squandered in sentimental charity is devoted to the organization of industry. He found men stifling in slums and hordes; He sought to lead them forth to be the dwellers in industrial paradises. Those who profited by the old oppressions — the wealthy, the idlers and parasites, the selfishly religious, the Jewish hierarchy, crucified him. They said, "He is a good man, but holds extreme and dangerous views. We must destroy him if we would preserve our church and state." Just as we, in our great centres of manual toil are now sacrificing men, women and children by myriads to the exigencies of the labor market, justifying the crime on the same plea of necessity.

Jesus taught that we can only see God as we see him *in* man; that we can only love God as we love him in man. "Love to God and love to man" means love to God in man. For twenty centuries we have, blindly and foolishly, darkly and dogmatically, with cruelty, failure, and loss been trying to lift up the Christ by dividing him from man. Let us learn at last that he cannot be lifted until all men are lifted up with him. Oneness with God means oneness with man; it means that if any are burdened, starved, robbed and wronged, God is also starved, burdened, robbed and wronged. The bonds of the wage-slave, the thief, the harlot, are God's bonds. Only as I raise others from the dead does Christ raise me from the dead. I am as my brother is. I praise God with hands and lips only as I bring sight to the blind, food to the hungry, clothes to the naked. When the oneness of God and man in the universal religion of practical paternity meets human recognition and acceptance, we will hear no more that this beautiful world of God is but a vale of tears in which you and I are miserable worms of the dust, doomed to return to the dust and be eaten by other worms. Universal uses, performed from the motive of universal love to the neighbor, with the aid of all mechanical arts and appliances, dedicated to the needs of all, will bring in a day of gladness and rest of which mankind has not yet dreamed. We will then take Christianity out of the sky-vapor and place it upon the earth — its home. The occupation of our paradise-brokers will be gone. We will cease the awful sacrifice of our souls to the devil in the name of religion, and when that glad day comes the devil and Calvin will commit suicide, and be buried like loving brothers in the same grave!

Heaven is ready to enter and bless our rich and smiling earth. Here is sun and soil, a fruitful land, an open bounty; here is the willing hand, the teeming brain, the warm heart of love, all ready to give us paradise. If we are but willing that all shall share in the free bounty of God, lo, heaven is here. Selfishness alone shuts it out—man's inhumanity to man. The doctrine that sends us to an unknown land after death for what is awaiting us here at any and every moment is not Christianity, but blind paganism. No place needs heaven so much as earth; no time is so good as now. The open-handed bounty of God is as flush and benedictive here as in the unknown skies. Angels are more needed and can be more useful on this earth, which man has made a hell, than in any dreamy hereafter. Even in the sickly, clammy elysium of Moody and Talmage nothing can be found more divine than a good man, nothing more sacred than a sweet, true woman, nothing more heavenly than a paternal society and a brotherhood of love.

The hour has come for the assertion of the religion of Christ,—which is the religion of man, of all men! Not a church fenced off from the world, not a society intent only on saving their own microscopic souls with fear and trembling, not a sect commending itself to God by drawing away from man. The religion of Christ is the religion of *this* world; the religion that saves here by restoring the earth to the children of men; the religion of the kingdom of heaven here upon the earth. To the thought of Jesus the whole world's love should be for every child; the whole world's land, water, air, light, comfort should be the heritage of every mother's little one. Motherhood and fatherhood should extend the same fullness of love unto every child which they now limit and restrict to their own progeny, until every mother's child receives the love of every mother. In the thought of Jesus the entire wealth of the nation, its opportunities, advantages, all that it possesses of strength, comfort, and

happiness, would be for each; every avenue of information and knowledge open to all; land, money, machinery, art, and science pouring their released resources into the lap of a common brotherhood. This divine kingdom on earth, so long prayed for, preached about, and sung about, is a purely practical affair after all; its worship will be secularly religious and religiously secular seven days in every week. It will save souls as fast as they come into the world—by surrounding the little ones with wholesome and divine conditions, "on earth as in heaven."

The attainment of spiritual beatitude for one's self, is a selfish and ignoble aim. American Ethics, so far as they rest on religious sanctions, are deeply saturated with this unworthy expectation of spiritual bliss for one's self. The only ideal proposed by Christ is the welfare of all, not personal reward. Woe to the reformer, the sage, whose *cultus* becomes the property of the sarcerdotal classes. His breadth becomes contorted by their narrowness, and is misinterpreted through their exclusiveness. Morbid devotees forge from his fame new fetters to bind the social evolution of man. Brother Moody has issued a little book called "Heaven and how to get there." To him heaven is a far-off place, vague and cloudy, into which we are to "get," while to Jesus heaven is a spiritual condition which we bring into this lovely home-world, the earth, just in proportion as we lead unselfish, useful, fraternal lives. Regarding this phantom offer of the hope of a future life by the Religionist, the working man utters the sentiment of Felix Holt: "They 'll give us plenty of heaven. We may have land and homes *there*. That 's the sort of religion they like—a religion that gives us working-men heaven and nothing else. But we 'll offer to change with them. We 'll give them back some of the heaven they are giving us, and take it out in something for us and our children in this world." This earth is good enough for common people; let us make the most of it. The way to worship God is to serve men and women in some practical way. To do our duty here prepares for every future. He who serves man serves God, he and no other.

In the general push and scramble of competitive life where the mass, like a herd of buffalos, trample the weak ones down, salvation by religionism is a mockery. The soup societies, the ecclesiastical pap, the cross, the tract, the Bible, the Sacrament, do not bring salvation to the helpless, brutalized classes stifling in the savagery of the slums. It is offering unwholesome confectionery to those who starve for bread. God is the divine healer; but He works through human hearts, brains and hands. Jesus was not a formal, official Messiah, authorized and empowered to save men from fictitious hells hereafter. The redemption He wrought was the quickening vitality, the kindling power, which the higher and superior life may convey to the life on a lower level, and thus uplift and save. That vulgar, selfish, commercial, life-insurance form of Christianism which seeks to save men from future hells by imputing to them righteousness which they do not possess, is set aside forever when we come to see that if we are to share in the salvation of Jesus, we must, like Him, be saviours of men; we must seek and find that which is lost. Only in saving others are we delivered ourselves from the hell of selfish living. No one has been saved by Jesus who has not, by the free gift of his own life and love, helped to save other lives and to make the world better and happier by putting the dimples of joy in the cheeks of those he can reach and help. The religion of Christ is secular, practical and human; it is a pure spiritual religion of brotherhood. It demands unwearying service—of the high to the low, of the rich to the poor, of the cultured to the ignorant. Thus only, through lives of helpfulness to others, can men realize their relation to God and the heaven of many mansions. Whoever toils for man, salvation does obtain.

The more divine a man becomes, the more secular he grows. No drop of the muddy blood of priestliness is found in the veins of the Christ. "When the feet of God touched the earth in the form of the Son of Man, He stood up, not the priest but the Artisan. He went forth not as prelate, but as teacher and healer. That is practically what the world knows of God—all the rest of it is talk, dream, vision." To a dying civilization, proud of its plutocrats, its millionaires, its money-king, the Christ says: "Better that the race should perish than that the dignity and ease of one fragment of it should be purchased with the destruction of the other."

Churchianity is not in true sympathy with the working people, being chiefly intent on "cultivating" Plutus. It bows down to the Golden Calf and tacitly denies the industrial doctrine taught by the Man of Galilee—"The laborer is worthy of his hire." It exerts its vast influence to perpetuate conditions which divide the people into plutocrats and paupers. Such is the complaint, made not by the ignorant, idle and vicious, but by American, skilled, intelligent labor, struggling to secure just wages, reasonable hours, and a fair division of the "unearned increment" arising from the profit of their labor. In this industrial warfare, the general tendencies of the popular church, wearing the name of the Hebrew Carpenter, have been felt to be on the side of profitable injustice. It stands as the apologist of the plutocracy rather than the defender and champion of the poor. It proclaims such economic dogmas as are palatable to its best paying patrons, and clasps hands with the despoilers of labor. The "needle's eye," through which wealth could not pass in the early time, is now "enlarged to the dimensions of a Hoosac tunnel for the accommodation of the rich man's Pullman, gliding smoothly into the kingdom." This idea of the popular American church has become fixed in the mind of the average American working man. So, while the ceremonial religion of the day is apparently more magnificent and flourishing than ever before, in reality it is perishing of dry-rot. It "lingers superfluous on the stage," for the outspoken antagonism of the Labor Communes and combines show that it is cast out of the hearts and homes of a wronged, suffering and producing people. The church that cannot solve the social problem is no church; at best, it is but a memory or a prophecy; for the test of a church is that it brings salvation; its purpose, so far as it has any purpose, is to save that which is lost. But Christendom persists in putting the new wine into the old bottles; surrounds good men with evil conditions, and so subjects myriads of women to the periodical famines of the labor market that they are literally forced into the brothel to escape starvation. It pushes back the present salvation of

Christ into an undated time in an unknown world, and thus crucifies the Son of Man afresh on the industrial cross. Its religion is an exotic, making a moving glamour in the sky sacred rather than the earth underfoot.

But religion is a concern that includes this life—or none. If we do not meet God here, we never will find him anywhere. The first thing to be given up, if we would be saved, is this craven hankering after paradise. Each one is only an atom in the universal flux of life, and no atom can stop, at any point, to enjoy immortal bliss, angelic confectionery, or unchanging conditions. We move with the general current. Each is an inseparable part of the All, and the entire emphasis is to be laid on the Unity, not on the fragments. One world at a time is enough to attend to. The best way to prepare for another world is to do the best we can for our fellow-beings here. The religion of usefulness is the religion of salvation. The gods are best pleased by seeing us strictly attending to our own business. If we crave a heaven, let us make it here, in our own homes, and in the homes of others. The constant cry of the zealot is salvation. He flies like the locust to India, Africa, Japan, to "save souls." But souls are never lost; as well say God is lost, or electricity lost. The way to be saved from sin is to quit sinning. If you have wandered from the right path, retrace your steps and seek the King's highway. You are your own Saviour or you are not saved. No "mourner's bench," no Moody trumpet, no Sam Jones tom-tom is needed. Save yourself. Quit sinning. Nothing in nature is made perfect, but it grows. Man is imperfect, but ever developing. He sins not against God, but against himself. The measure of his progress from a lower condition to a higher is found in his growth. As he grows he knows more and he does better. A little while ago he tortured heretics, burned women for witches, and held other men as chattels. He is now outgrowing these sins. His progress has been slow, for he grows better only as fast as he learns to quit sinning. This is all the salvation there is or can be for man. The priest, weaponed with the keys of the hereafter, is only a man more learned in his ignorance of God than those whom he leads into the ditch. The creeds he repeats cannot remain permanent and unchanged in a world in which knowledge increases. Science and superstition cannot peaceably occupy the same brain. When the fraternal society of Christ is accepted, the age of competition, confusion, and anarchy passes away; the last ecclesiastic will bury the last monopolist in the same grave with the dogma of total depravity.

No, the Salvation of Christ is not another-world salvation. The light which the Man of Nazareth caught from the Spiritual Sun of Life he used to illumine the darkness of this world. He early asked himself, "Must life be a constant struggle between the strong and the weak, the crafty and the simple? Shall there be no happiness in the world but that gained by force and fraud?" He saw the impossibility of a true human growth when want and wearing toil are the heritage of our earthly life, and he insisted that the present social conditions, which produce all the ignorance, poverty, and misery of man, must be changed. Mammon must be dethroned and Justice crowned. The one divine work is to do justice, and it is the last we are inclined to do. Do justice, and you can abolish charity or alms. Charity perpetuates pauperism, but justice, by building up right relations among men, does away with pauperism. Christ did not come to make the rich give to the poor. He came "to exalt them of low degree." He came, that is, to turn the world upside down. We are the timid followers of the chief of revolutionists, yet his revolution is not a class movement of poor against rich. It goes deeper than that; for that would be simply a changing of places, not an overturn of the present system of selfishness and greed, and replacing it by motives of altruism and mutuality.

Christianity of old started in a carpenter's shop and was cradled in a stable. It sprang from the working classes. Simple shepherds saw Christ's star, and a few fishermen followed him. It is the same to-day. The working masses are divorced from churchianity but not from the Son of Man. They are nearer Christ than the rich, and from new carpenters, new shepherds, new fishermen will come a fresh and prevailing outburst of that Christianity which has not changed its essential nature during these eighteen centuries, and which will stand not for alms, but for justice and fraternity. This spiritual change will not come from university professors, the clergy and *doctrinaires* — from those dependent in one way or another upon the wealthy. These are but driftwood on the stream. The new motive-force which is to ultimate the religion of Christ as a conquering faith for this life and this world, is coming almost exclusively from the middle and lower classes. The workmen of Switzerland and New Zealand, of Berlin and Paris, of London and Birmingham, are teaching the race the laws of social progress where the universities and clergy are dumb.

The patient toiler of Nazareth labored to build up a fraternal, social system on the earth, with, for the first time, fullness of bread for all bread-earners, and fullness of life for all life-givers. In this respect it is entirely the opposite of our present methods, where competitive industries develop starvation for the producer, golden spoil for the money-lender, usurer and idler. The popular church has displaced Christ from his industrial throne, giving it to Mammon, Moloch and Belial. So the live heart of America nurses a noble revolt against its present; "It is like the instinct of a plant, that, rooted in the desert, creeps slowly by its tendrils toward the distant water-spring." America cannot stand in the class inertia of ages. The key to her future is not buried in ancestral graves. The wine of her salvation is not contained in the dried leathern skins of European or Hebrew institutions. Nor can her redemption come by the transfer or revival of any of the methods of the dead Old World.

There is no religion outside of practical fraternity. Only the man who can call all men his "brothers," has a right to call his Creator "Father." True salvation gives food and shelter, raiment and comfort, education and liberty to each member of the human race on the earth. It may or may not pray, but it works. Salvation is all here—or nowhere, and all our duties are right here to our fellow-men. Let us have that salvation in the world we are living in, until it can no more be said that they who do the most work, have the least to eat. The

salvation that cannot do this, is but a ghostly post-mortem myth, and should go the way of all myths. Jesus never hints that there is a God to be served apart from man, for such teaching ends in hurting man for God's sake. Christ, in place of any separate service to God, bids men serve God by serving man. Said He: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." He thus *identifies* love to God with love to man. This was "the new commandment" which he gave to mankind. The old commandment, or "the Law and the Prophets," is love God first and most; then man. But the new commandment is "Love one another." A loving of God that is not a loving of man, is a frightful thing. It kills the souls of men, for it turns them into the same unloving image, as in the case of the Pharisees. It gives to mankind a hateful Deity who can be served in churches by devout emotions, while our fellows die in cellars and slums. By following this cult, which is practically the religion of Christendom to-day, man is turned into the same image, he also becomes a being who can be similarly served, and so ends by being no better than his God. This kills the soul.

We are told with effusion that "Christianity is able to smooth the pillow in death," but morphine can do the same, and at a cheaper rate. If our faith cannot deal with the problem of a common justice to all and an equal share in God's bounties for all,—the doctrine for proclaiming which Christ was crucified,—our faith is but a fetish, a cumberer of the ground. Not "the pillow smoothed in death," but the abolition of the brutal competitive system, of wage-slavery, usury, multi-millionaires, grinding monopolies and trusts, until this world is made to look less like hell to God's miserable poor, is what the religion of Christ calls for at our hands. But for such a faith to live in America is like pond-lilies trying to bloom in hades! Our sky-pilots stare as helplessly at the poverty question as Hottentots do at an eclipse. The government has been transformed into a private view of paternalism, administered in the interests of the parasitic classes. Congress is the law trust, and the weakling President represents the people only by being debt-burdened and bankrupt. The predatory elements in our social life have become the "masters of bread."

When the civil war was ended, and chattel slavery lay dying, to a leading abolitionist it was said: "Well, you have won your case, now what do you intend to abolish next?" Quick and ready was the reply, "Poverty; we must abolish unjust and needless poverty in America." This is the banner of the new and holy crusade for social benefit and freedom. Christ's gospel of sanity, fraternity, and peace must be proclaimed at all moments. Did Paul say, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat"? We accept his words, adding thereto these other words of our nineteenth century gospel, repeating them until the deadest of the dead in Wall Street and Washington shall hear, "And if a man will work, he *shall* eat."

The men who labor in the mine and the mill, who build the machine and the mansion, stand at the forge or plod in the furrow; who are cheated at the polls, exploited in the mills, starved in the mines, beaten in courts, and ignored in Congress, are beginning to see the darkness of the economic night shot through by the new day of a new order. The instinct of brotherhood, which is the beating heart of Christ, is about to assert itself as the dominating inspiration of a higher civilization. Humanity is never really defeated. The greedy few will not forever triumph over the needy many. The American nation did not fight through the civil war merely that Carnegie and Pullman might be evolved, nor did Columbus discover America for Hanna. What becomes of man after death concerns sane people less than what is to become of him here. The time is now at hand when the symbol U. S. will mean us—all of us,—and earth begin to be as heaven.

Life.

Thou art an ever-moving, noisy stream,
Which would o'erflow, but for thy lofty banks.
'Twixt Dread of Death and Duty onward teem
The shining waters. Strongest, Duty ranks;
Yet oft the bank of Dread is broken through,
One saddened life escapes, oft more than one,
And, filtering through the plain, is lost to view.
The old life lost? Nay, but again begun;
For as the rain from heaven comes to the sea,
And thence uprising forms a cloud again,
The waters, thus, which from the river flee,
Return; to wisdom filtered by the plain.
But Duty's bank, unbroken to the sea,
Leads on the waters to eternity.

DONALD R. RICHBERG.

Oliver Holden's masterpiece, "Coronation," was frequently sung as a battle hymn during the Civil war. One soldier has given us the following account of its effect on one trying occasion:

"It was Sunday. We were marching to our first battle. We waded through miles of sand and numberless streams. Overcome by the heat, men dropped from the ranks, and even horses fell out by the way. To nerve the heart and quicken the step we sang the stirring army songs. At last the cannons were heard in our front, and we knew the videttes were at work. We soon smelled powder, and thought of home. The men were foot-weary and exhausted, and the power of song was exhausted. Suddenly the colonel rode up to us in company with the general, and exclaimed: 'For heaven's sake, give them something to cheer them on.' Instantly the good old hymn 'Coronation' came to their minds:

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

"We sent it forth, and it flew up and down that extended column until the whole army was inspired by the hymn. The boys sped onward to battle as if charged by a thousand galvanic batteries; and while the heavens were ringing with song, the God of nations seemed calling unto His angels to descend and lead us on to victory. At midnight the enemy had fled; and as I lay with my head pillowed on my gunstock, the full, round moon looked down upon the living and the dead, seeming to say to us: 'The song for the church is the song for the army'." —*New England Magazine.*

There is Heaven, since there is Heaven's simulation—earth;
I sit possessed in patience; prison roof
Shall break one day and Heaven beam overhead!

—*Robert Browning.*

The Study Table.

A-Birding on a Broncho.*

I have read most of the books on birds and their ways, but if any of the naturalists, including Torrey and Abbott, have done anything to surpass this little volume by Florence A. Merriman, I have not found it out. I shall at once find time to read all that she has written. When you have got through with this delicious little volume you will tap gently on the cover and say, "By George! I wish there were more of you." You feel a little jealous, too, as John Adams felt because he did not write the Declaration of Independence; you would like to have written the book, and to have seen all that it sees for you. It is enough to say "A-birding on a Bronco" is a book that ought to have been written; and you are glad that it was written. It will help its readers to see twice as much in the world—that is better than to live twice as long. E. P. P.

A Bird's-Eye View of our Civil War.†

It is not comforting to those who believe history is substantially able to tell the truth, to read a dozen different histories of our civil war. Mr. Dodge's book led me to open Walker, McClellan, Mahan, Nicolay; and truly it is impossible to make quite sure that it is the same war we are all talking about. But while views are still contradictory we are getting down to statements of essential facts. This book of Mr. Dodge's, aims to be such a statement of facts, without bias. In some cases I do not think he has reached the non-partisan position. Certainly the opening chapter should not bring in the Democrats and Republicans as being two parties to the civil quarrel. He tells us, "That the Democrats of the South wished to extend slavery." Party had nothing whatever to do with the quarrel. But this prefatory chapter arraigns the Democrats as enemies of the Union. Nor do I quite believe that in final history General Pope will be spoken of, as "an eccentric tactician." But on the whole the book is the best of the sort yet produced. What is better, it can be used in the South as well as in the North without its readers being seriously and justly offended. E. P. P.

The current number of the *Hesperian*, a quarterly published in St. Louis, has an interesting article on "The Humorist: His haunts and friends," with portraits of Charles and Mary Lamb, for its initial number; also an interesting article on James.

At the close of Mr. Garland's studies in Grant's life, in *McClure's Magazine*, he says: "In all the correspondence of this strange conqueror there is scarcely a single word of exultation, not a single allusion to victory, even to his wife. He fought battles and won victories in the design of moving to other battles and other victories. His plan was to whip the enemy and win a lasting peace."

†A-BIRDING ON A BRONCO. By Florence A. Merriman. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF OUR CIVIL WAR. By T. A. Dodge. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Neither death, nor life, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, shall be able to separate us from the love of God.

MON.—The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.

TUES.—Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope.

WED.—Hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts.

THURS.—Glory, honor and peace to every man that worketh good.

FRI.—I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

SAT.—We are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for? If we hope for what we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.

—*Paul, to the Romans.*

To Dorothy.

BY W. E. GLADSTONE.

The veteran statesman has so many claims to the world's attention and gratitude that everybody will enjoy these lines to his little granddaughter.—*Exchange.*

I know where there is honey in a jar,
Meet for a certain little friend of mine;
And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are
That only wait small hands to intertwine
A wreath for such a golden head as thine.

The thought that thou art coming makes all glad—
The house is bright with blossoms high and low,
And many a little lass and little lad
Expectantly are running to and fro;
The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

We want thee, child, to share in our delight
On this high day, the holiest and best,
Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken flight,
Thy grandmamma, of women loveliest,
Made me of men most honored and most blest.

That naughty boy who led thee to suppose
He was thy sweetheart has, I grieve to tell,
Been seen to pick the garden's choicest rose
And toddle with it to another belle,
Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee this—
To waste no love on any youthful rover
(All youths are rovers, I assure thee, Miss).
No, if thou wouldst true constancy discover,
Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

So come, thou playmate of my closing day,
The latest treasure life can offer me,
And with thy baby laughter make us gay.
Thy fresh, young voice shall sing, my Dorothy,
Songs that shall bid the feet of Sorrow flee.

Some Polite Dogs.

"Come, Lotty, wake up!" I cried to the little dog; "let's go for a walk."

Lotty jumped up, wide awake in an instant, and barking like mad with delighted expectation. I gathered my sketching things together and set out down the grassy slope to the sea's margin, which sparkled and flashed, edged with the flood-tide's lazy surf, hardly more than a stone's throw from the door. Lotty, in an ecstasy, frisked, barking wildly, before and behind me, like a small hurricane

of joy. Out at last upon the beautiful stretch of gray sand, smooth and hard as a floor, I arranged my umbrella, chair and easel, proceeding to begin my sketch. Lotty came to anchor likewise, and sitting bolt upright on the sand, eyed me curiously for a while from under her comical frowsy locks, then crept close to my feet and lay down. It must have seemed a long time to Lotty before I began to put up my brushes. But at last my belongings were gathered up ready for a start. With a small chair and umbrella in one hand, a tin pail and sketching block in the other, my head put through the V end of the easel and its legs resting on my shoulders, while a leather bag containing paint-boxes, brushes, etc., hung over my left arm, I was well loaded down, and could only walk slowly. Lotty capered and barked and made such a noise that presently the other dogs heard her and joined in the chorus afar off. Soon the two great St. Bernards, Champernowne and Nita, appeared at the upper edge of the field, stopped and gazed as if taking in the situation, then began to rush down toward us. Knowing their affectionate impetuosity, I said to myself:

"Now I am lost! they will come full tilt against me and all these traps, and I shall be a total wreck." I stood still, amused, half dreading their approach, and waited.

Suddenly the great dog Champernowne, as he reached me, stopped perfectly still without touching me, and before I knew what he was going to do, stood upright on his hind feet, as tall as myself, quietly slipped his under jaw through the handles of the bag which swung on my arm, and with the grace and courtesy of a grand duke, nothing less, gently and firmly drew it off and, turning, proceeded decorously up the path that led to the house, bearing it with the utmost care.

Astonished and delighted, I cried, "Bravo, Champ! Good dog! fine fellow! You saw I needed help, and you gave it like a gentleman!" Then Nita, hearing the praises lavished on her comrade, wished to have her share also, and joining Champ, she, too, seized hold of the bag, and both together trotted side by side all the way to the house, where they arrived some time before I reached it, and where I found them faithfully keeping guard over my property on the threshold.

"Well, you are the best and dearest dogs in the world!" I cried, as I opened the door and allowed them to crowd into the pleasant room, Lotty and two or three of the smaller dogs accompanying them with much frisking and barking. But Champ and Nita, appreciating to the utmost the importance of the occasion and the magnitude of the favor extended to them, took their seats on the hearth before the open fireplace with the greatest dignity. This was the summit of delight to them, to be allowed to sit in the house before the fire and enjoy the society of their human friends—a favor not too often accorded them. *Celia Thaxter.*

"The most hopeful charity is that which cares for homeless children. One dollar spent in preventing a child from becoming a criminal, a pauper, or a tramp is worth a dozen dollars spent in trying to reform an adult criminal, tramp, or pauper. And the true method to save a child is to put him in a good home."

How the Babies Traveled.

Away up in Alaska, sixty miles from the seacoast, where part of a journey was through a dangerous pass, two little babies have just made a journey. Their father and mother went there four years ago. It was a great event when this dainty little woman came into the silver-mining camp in Alaska, where no woman had ever been before. A little home was made amid the snows and ice, and after a little while two beautiful babies came to live in it. These babies were welcomed by all the men, and loved by the roughest of them. The most beautiful presents that the men could procure were brought to them; and many men sent these babies presents of silver and of curiosities, who never saw them, who only just heard that there, in the Yukon mining camp, were little twin babies. But two years ago their mamma left them, when they were only three months old. It was a sad day for all the mining camp and for the whole district when this dear little lady died. The desolate condition of the little babies only made the men more tender and loving, and two of the men gave up their mining work to take care of the babies. The father saw that he could only keep these children with him for a little time, that it was not right to have them growing up without any woman about them, or any home such as babies should have, and he decided last June that he would bring them to the United States. The children were put in fur sleeping-bags, which were strapped on their father's back. Every man told the father that he was crazy to attempt to make this journey with the two babies, but he felt sure that he could accomplish it; and he did. He said that often, while going through the pass, when the cold was so bitter that it almost made him helpless, he would not hear any sounds from the sleeping-bags on his back, and he would unstrap them, only to find that the children were playing with the hair of the sleeping-bags, or with each other, or had gone to sleep. He said it was very funny, the constant amusement they found in playing with this hair. After three weeks of journeying through cold and over rough roads the father at last reached the seacoast, and the babies are now safe with their relatives in Minnesota.—*Outlook.*

It is worth reviving, that sweet little story of one of the princely grandsons who asked Queen Victoria for a sovereign and received instead a lecture against extravagance, in the royal handwriting. The boy politely thanked her:

"Dearest Grandmamma,—I received your letter, and hope you will not think I was disappointed because you could not send me any money. It was very kind of you to give me good advice. I sold your letter for £4 10s."—*Transcript.*

A Boy's Heroism.

John Thomas, a boy who runs a compressed-air hoisting-engine in the Tamarack mine, at Houghton, Mich., stuck to his post when a box containing two hundred pounds of dynamite was on fire ten feet away from him, and saved the lives of the men at work in the mine by his wonderful bravery. Ten seconds after Thomas had hoisted the men to the level, the dynamite exploded, smashing the engine to pieces and doing other damage; but the men, and the boy to whom they owed their lives, were in a place of safety.—*Iowa Times.*

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion"

WEIR'S GROVE MEETING.—The twentieth anniversary of this grove meeting was celebrated in the last week of July. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. Heber Rice, of Laconia, on "Rational Christianity." Rev. H. H. Crooker spoke on "Thoughts of God." Mrs. Florence Kollock Crooker spoke on "The Missionary Spirit" from the words "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." There was a Ministers' Day, a Laymans' Day, a Woman's Day, a Young People's Day and the anniversary session, at which many letters from absent friends were read.

GERMAN LIBERALS.—Mr. Ernest E. Baum, a graduate of the Meadville Theological School, was recently ordained in the German Protestant Church over which his father presides at Carthage, O., a suburb of Cincinnati. Revs. Thayer and Gebauer, of the Unitarian Churches of Cincinnati, took part in the ordination, showing thereby the breadth of the fellowship. A year ago two other graduates of Meadville, sons of a German liberal minister of Cincinnati, were ordained in a similar manner. There probably are now seven or eight of these Meadville men who are working at the problem of the liberal in religion over German societies, where their bilingual attainments greatly add to their efficiency.

THE CITY POTATO PATCH.—The ridicule and then the marvel of Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, has spread. The Brooklyn Bureau of Charities has nine acres, worked by some forty different families this year, and under the lead of Mr. Charles F. Weller, of the Englewood District of Chicago. We believe there are some fourteen acres under cultivation. Thus the unoccupied lands are made to serve the double benefaction of ministering to the body and spirit of the poor.

HOW IT LOOKS TO A VISITOR.—A correspondent of the *Galena Weekly Gazette*, after a recent visit to Tower Hill, thus writes of it to this journal: One might quote of Tower Hill, "None know it but to love," it is such a delightful breathing-place and resting place for tired humanity. The stock company that owns the grounds was organized some years ago through the efforts of the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, who is still the life and inspiration of the "hill." The windmill shaft which supplies pure water for the cottagers runs through the famous old Shot Tower shaft in the bluff overhanging Mill Creek, close to where it empties into the Wisconsin. The view from this bluff, or Tower Hill, is magnificent, and reaches across about fifty miles "as the crow flies." The settlement is on the site of Old Helena and consists of many pretty private cottages; a "long house" in which to lodge fortunate transient guests, a dining hall, pavilion partly inclosed and containing piano, blackboards and reading table loaded with periodicals, papers, etc., tables and other conveniences and comforts. The fare is varied, wholesome and well-cooked by a colored chef. The charges are most moderate, and all domestic arrangements are under the very efficient and unobtrusive management of Mrs. Lackersteen. Each morning Mr. Jones gives an hour's reading in his cottage whose doors are hospitably open to all. It was our privilege and pleasure to hear him read and expound the last part of Browning's "Inn Album" and it would be hard to find an abler or more lucid interpreter of Browning's obscure periods. To give a summer outing to the mind as well as the body a summer school of two weeks' is being held.

JEWISH.—In order to strengthen the cause of liberal Judaism in the Dominion of Canada, where there is but one Reform congregation, the Central Conference of American Rabbis convened this year in the city of Montreal. This was the first convention of Reform Rabbis ever held in the British Empire, and the twenty-nine rabbis that crossed the boundary-line were welcomed with characteristic English hospitality and tolerance. On the opening night speeches were made by Sir Adolph Chapleau, Governor of Quebec; Hon. J. I. Tarte, Minister of Public Works; Hon. Dr. Guerin, Member of Parliament, and Wilson Smith, the Mayor of Montreal, all of them emphasizing the common foundation on which they stood—the love of man and the fear of God—and rejoicing in the fact that the Province of Quebec had granted the Jews equal civic and social rights more than a quarter of a century before the English Parliament "had thrown down the disqualifications which were a disgrace to the civilization of the century." In the course of the convention Dr. Adams of the Church of England, and Prof. Coussirat, a Roman Catholic, also gave expression to the universal truths that unite men of all faiths.

Congratulations were sent to the Queen in honor of her Jubilee. A committee was appointed to plan the publication of an encyclopædia on Jewish subjects and a book on Jewish ethics. "The Theology of the Prayer-book" was the subject of an interesting and learned paper by Dr. M. Margolis; "The Rabbi as Teacher, Public Man and Student," led by Drs. Berkowitz and Leucht, gave rise to helpful discussions, and in his paper on "Funeral Agenda" Rabbi Stolz advocated simplicity, economy, propriety, rationality and a closer correspondence with our modern views of life and death and life after death. Dr. Samfield delivered the Conference lecture and Dr. Wise the Conference sermon. The proceedings, papers and sermons will all be published in the Year-book, which may be had on application to Rabbi Charles S. Levi, Cincinnati, Ohio. The next session will be held at Atlantic City.

The first assembly of the Jewis Summer-school, under the auspices of the Jewish department of Chautauquan studies and under the direction of Dr. H. Berkowitz, Chancellor, was held at Atlantic City, from July 25 to August 8. It was intended principally for the benefit of Sabbath-school teachers, and was fairly well attended. The program included model lessons on biblical and post-biblical Jewish history, ethics, geography of Palestine and essays on the instruction of ethics, Sabbath-school pedagogics, etc.

"The People are Hungry

For just such literature as THE NEW UNITY contains," was the expression used by one of our oldest subscribers, a few days since, when in to pay up her subscription. "I always mail my copy to a friend who lives in Peoria, after I have read it." It may be that you know of some person (or a dozen, or a hundred) who are hungry for such literature. If so, send us their names and addresses and we will gladly send them sample copies free.

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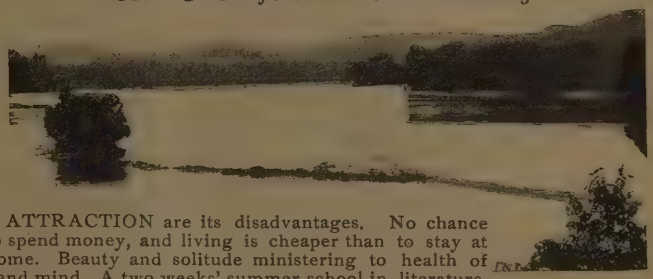

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"WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD."

A CHORUS OF FAITH

AS HEARD IN THE

PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS

HELD IN

CHICAGO, SEPT. 10 TO 27, 1893.

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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A CHORUS OF FAITHS.—This little book is a compilation, but one in which so much discrimination is evidenced, and so many side-lights are thrown on the main question, that it is an inspiration from beginning to end. It is, as the compiler says, a book "with a purpose," and a most worthy one —that of establishing a recognition of the unity of all religions. It is a gathering up of the fragments that were left, after the great Parliament of Religions, the crowning event of the centuries, which took place in connection with the World's Fair in Chicago. "Not revolution, but evolution," is the hopeful possibility from Mr. Jones's point of view. He says:

Existing churches will remain, but their emphasis will be changed more and more from dogma to creed, from profession to practice. From out their creed-bound walls will come an ever-increasing throng, upon whose brows will rest the radiance of the sunrise; whose hearts will glow with the fervid heat of the Orient, intensified with the scientific convictions of the Occident. These people will demand a church that will be as inclusive in its spirit as the Parliament. The Parliament will teach people that there is a universal religion. This must have its teachers, and it will have its churches. This universal religion is not made of the shreds and tatters of other religions. It is not a patchwork of pieces cut out of other faiths, but it is founded on those things which all religions hold in common, the hunger of the heart for comradeship, the thirst of the mind for truth, the passion of the soul for usefulness. In morality the voices of the prophets blend, and the chorus is to become audible throughout the world. In ethics all religions meet. Gentleness is everywhere and always a gospel. Character is always revelation. All writings that make for it are scripture.

Thus in this "Chorus of Faiths" we have a new scripture. What more helpful in the building of character than a record of the noble sayings at that first meeting of the fraternity of religions? Into the world's magnificent thought-treasury is now poured the very cream of religious utterance, which, notwithstanding different races, colors, costumes, characteristics, education, languages, still insists that the one law is love, the one service loving. All light comes from one source. All rays converge to one center. The one center is found at the Parliament, and that center is photographed, as it were, in the "Chorus of Faiths."

From first to last Mr. Jones has dwelt upon statements that stand for unity, has chosen those eloquent and heartfelt representative addresses that most clearly demonstrate the feeling of brotherhood. Even in the arrangement and classification of topics he has shown a rare discriminative faculty, and a loving desire to hold up the finely woven and most perfect pattern of human ideals. After the purposeful introduction, and the words of greeting given by different delegates from home and foreign lands, we find the record proceeding under such significant headings as "Harmony of the Prophets," "Holy Bibles," "Unity in Ethics," "Brotherhood," "The Soul," "The Thought of God," "The Crowning Day," "Farewell," and "Appendix." Under each of these topics is grouped the corresponding views of the different religions, and the thread of unity is most vividly maintained and easily discerned. In the grand "Chorus" there is no discord. Every voice strikes the keynote, and an outburst of harmony is the result.

To the one who thinks, speaks, and lives for Unity, this task of bringing out the unity of revelation, of purpose, of aspiration, of faith, of accomplishment, has evidently been but a delightful privilege, which may be appreciated, if not shared, by those who read the book. As a literary production the "Chorus of Faiths" is a clean-cut cameo profile of the Parliament of Religions.

In conclusion, in the words of a thoughtful and earnest woman: "The keynote of the Parliament in Chicago was the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. We predict that the keynote of the next Parliament will be the Motherhood of God and the Womanhood of man."—HELEN VAN-ANDERSON, *in the Arena.*

A CHORUS OF FAITH.—The Parliament of Religions in Chicago marked an epoch in the world's religious thought. It was a convention in which men of every creed and race met in amity and charity to compare their deepest and most sacred thoughts. Matters of difference were not made prominent. The real kernel of religion was sought far beneath the burrs and husks that have too often and too long been the only vision of the initiated and hostile.

The record of the great convocation is a surprise to its most ardent friends. Words that were said by Buddhist might have been transposed into the mouth of the Romanist, while the Greek Church found its utmost essence not differing from the highest thought of its arch-enemy under the Crescent. Through all the discourses ran a harmony of thought promising a new day in religions when men shall cease to wrangle over their differences and shall magnify their points of likeness and endeavor to get closer together.

It was necessary that a compiler in touch with those present and in love with the subject should put the thought of this great assembly into popular form. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, whose heart is in deepest sympathy with the broadest religious thought, and who, as secretary of the general committee, furnished much of the motive force of the movement, made a careful study of the entire work of the Parliament and has admirably succeeded in the task of popularizing its proceedings.

It is much more than the work of any one man, however eminent in the field of religion, and Mr. Jones can well claim great success in compilation. It gives the best thought of the best minds in the world to-day.—*Ansonia Sentinel, Ansonia, Conn.*

"A Chorus of Faith" might well be styled an echo of the Parliament of Religions, held in Chicago, September 10 to 27, 1893. In the pleasing form in which the volume has been compiled, the echo should reverberate through all time to come. The introduction is from the pen of the well-known Jenkin Lloyd Jones, while numerous poems of great beauty and worth from the pens of our greatest poets enliven the pages of the volume and give to the extracts from the numerous essays read before the Religious Parliament a touch of poetry which goes far toward enhancing the interest of the work, however valuable in themselves the abstracts and fragments of religious essays may be. The laymen, as well as the ologists will find much in the "Chorus of Faith" to interest them. The religious broadness of the volume is best illustrated by an extract from the remarks of Rev. Joseph Cook, in which he said: "A religion of delight in God, not merely as saviour, but as Lord also, is scientifically known to be a necessity to the peace of the soul, whether we call God by this name or the other, whether we speak of him in the dialect of this or that of the four continents, or this or that of the ten thousand isles of the sea."—*Current Topics.*

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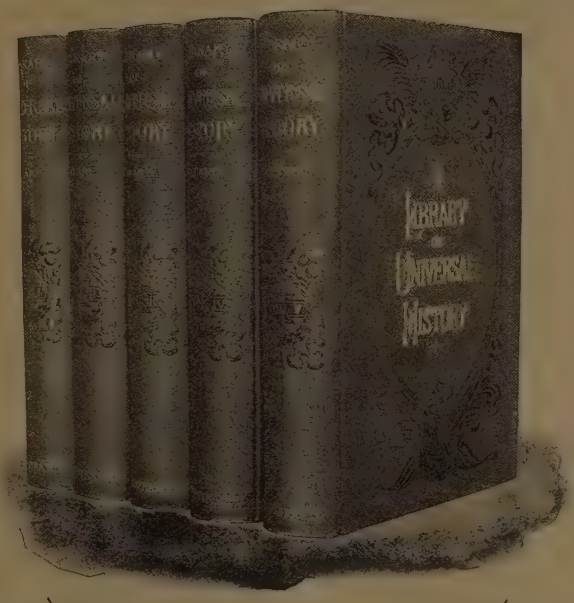

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established Anglican Church, settled in Holland. They were led by the Reverend John Robinson. Failing to become reconciled to the customs and habits of the Dutch, these humble Puritans, who felt that they were only pilgrims in this world, resolved to emigrate to the wilds of America, where they might worship God in their own way.

These Puritans in Holland formed a partnership with some London merchants, who furnished them with capital for their enterprise. They returned to England; and in September, 1620, one hundred and one of these pious men and women sailed for New England in a vessel called the *Mayflower*. These *Pilgrim Fathers*, as they are called, landed on a rock on the coast of Massachusetts bay, on the 21st of December, 1620. They named the place of landing *Plymouth*, and the town which they founded is the oldest in New England. In the cabin of the Mayflower, just before landing, they had adopted a written constitution of government, and chosen John Carver for their governor. Several months after their landing (March 21, 1621) Governor Carver made a treaty of friendship with Massasoit, the sachem of the Wampanoag Indians. A few days after this treaty Governor Carver died, and William Bradford became governor of the colony. Many of the settlers had died during the winter. Other emigrants came. In 1627 the Plymouth colonists purchased the interests of the London merchants, and became the sole proprietors of the country in which they had established themselves; and in 1634 they abolished their pure democracy, and adopted the more convenient form of representative government.

In 1628 John Endicott and one hundred Puritan emigrants founded Salem. They had been sent from England by a company which the following year (1629) was incorporated *The Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England*. In the same year the Company assigned the charter and government to the colonists. During 1629 other immigrants arrived and settled Charlestown.

In 1630 a large number of Puritans from England arrived at Salem, with John Winthrop as governor. Some of them made settlements at Dorchester, Roxbury, Watertown, Cambridge and Lynn; while Winthrop and others settled Boston, which became the capital of the Massachusetts Bay colony and the future metropolis of New England. In 1634 representative government was established in the colony of Massachusetts Bay.

THE MAYFLOWER.

The Puritans, who had just suffered so much persecution in England for their religious opinions, were no sooner settled in New England than they became persecutors themselves, and allowed no toleration for difference of opinion in religious or civil matters. In 1635 Roger Williams, a Puritan minister of the gospel, was banished from the Massachusetts Bay colony, because he advocated toleration for all religious beliefs. Williams founded the colony

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THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL is the happy title of a volume of eight sermons by W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago. They are discourses entirely devoid of theological significance, and written from the standpoint of ethical and practical teachers, unembarrassed by any of the conventionalities of the popular theology. The discourses are of a high order of excellence, so far as literary form is concerned, and well calculated to help and encourage the reader to make life fruitful, trustful, and blessed. "Blessed be Drudgery," by Mr. Gannett, and "Tenderness" and "The Divine Benediction," by Mr. Jones, are the discourses which have most impressed us, but all are worthy of thought and personal application. The little volume is a very choice addition to our Western sermon literature.—*Universalist.*

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The general title of the volume is "The Faith that Makes Faithful."—*Madison Democrat.*

THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This little volume embraces the following essays, or little sermons: "Blessed be Drudgery," "Faithfulness," "I Had a Friend," "Tenderness," "A Cup of Cold Water," "The Seamless Robe," "Wrestling and Blessing," and "The Divine Benediction." Each author has contributed equally to the book, and both have given to the public many beautiful thoughts clothed in beautiful language. The essays are, in part, didactic, and contain reflections upon life in the different subjects treated that are not only interesting, but inspiring. Could the lessons taught be so impressed that they would be heeded, life would be made better for many people whose existence would become less purposeless. The faith found in this volume, if heeded—if made as much a part of the individual as it is a part of the book—will make faithful many who would be much better by having read the essays.—*The Current.*

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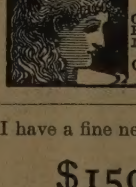

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